

INSTRUCTIONS
TO
VANDER BANK,

A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets:

A
P O E M,

Occasion'd by the Glorious Success
of Her Majesty's ARMS, under
the Command of the Duke of
MARLBOROUGH, the last Year
in *Flanders*.



L O N D O N;

Printed for *Egbert Sanger* at the *Post-House* in *Fleetstreet*.
M.DCC.IX.



Welsh fund

VANDERBILT

A Second to the Advice to the Poets

P O E M

Occasioned by the Glorious Success
of Her Majesty's ARMS, under
the Command of the Duke of
WARRINGTON, the late Year
in Flanders.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Robert Duncanson at the Post-Office in Fleet-Street.
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Instructions to Vander Bank, &c.



AVE all thy Bards, *Britamia*, spent their Vein ?
 Not one rich Genius left that can sustain
 Th' expensive Task of *Marlbro's* last Campaign ?
 Ruin'd by Conquests do they pray for Peace,
 That the hard Taxes on the Muse may cease ?

Then, Artist, who dost Nature's Face express
 In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dress ;
 Dost figur'd Arras animated leave,
 Spin a bright Story, or a Passion weave ;
 By mingling Threads canst mingle Shade and Light,
 Delineate Triumphs, or describe a Fight ;
 Do thou relate the Hero's Toil, record
 The Train of new Events, that crown'd his hardy Sword.

Since Thou wilt some Illustrious Patron need,
 If *ANN* propitious Smile, Thou must succeed :
 Her High Command inspir'd with Martial Flame
 The Warrior's Breast, She by her pow'ful Name
 Prepar'd half-beaten Foes to yield the Day,
 And for advancing Vict'rys made the Way.

Belgian attend ; and from thy noble Loom
 Let the Great Chief August in Triumph come :
 For *Blenheim's* lofty Walls the Work design,
 In every Piece let Art and Labour shine ;
 Let Glorious Deeds the *Briton's* Palace crown,
 Not those of antient Heroes, but his own ;
 In the bright Series of his Story show
 What *Albion*, what Mankind to *Marlbro'* owe.

I only rude Materials can suggest,
 Some by thy Art too hard to be express ;
 Chuse what is proper, and neglect the rest.
 If thou with Care, and that thy Genius may
 Improve these Hints, refine this crude Essay ;
 Thou may'st Illustrious lasting Scenes contrive,
 At least the Work will by its Subject live.

Let the first Labour on this lofty Theme
 Express the Chief on *Scalda's* wondring Stream :
 From him that Flood immortal Fame derives,
 Rivals the *Danube*, and with *Dola* strives.
 Describe his Steed, not patient of the Rein,
 Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain ;
 Arch his high Neck, and graceful spread his Mane.
 Give ample Nostrils breathing inbred Fire,
 Eyes that confess the generous Mare and Sire :
 Such Life and Pride, as in the Race appear,
 Which Great *Arabian* Lords, and *Persian* Monarchs bear.

Chief Delight our Eyes to feed,
Leader on his manag'd Sreed.

A noble Sear, a Martial Mein,
Scornful of Danger, and in Arms serene :
Let his Right Hand his Sword vindictive sway,
Grasp'd with vast Strength, and spreading dreadful Day,
By which the Tyrant Monsters are subdu'd,
Who surfeited with Spoil, and riotous in Blood,
Oppression's howling Wilderness defend,
And Desolation's empty Realms extend.
The Looks of Justice to the Warrior give,
Where Wrath and Mercy for Dominion strive.



Intrepid Ardour well to Gallia known,
A Courtier Hero's Grace the mighty Bruto's own.
When you express the Leader's Face and Eyes,
Studious with daring Labour to surprize,
Cou'd you with inwrought Glory charm the Sight,
And interwoven Threads of labour'd Light,
You might succeed, and do the Conqueror Right.

Let Fame and Victory, in inferior Sky,
Hover with balanc'd Wings, and smiling fly
Above his Head, and on his Function wait,
Assiduous to pronounce Europa's Fate.

On adverse Banks of Scalda's Silver Tide,
Delineate Gallia's Military Pride :
Express the Cohorts covering all the Plain,
Thick as the Waves that spread the troubled Main.
Show them advancing swift to Ganda's Walls,
Where Lesia's Current into Scalda falls :
Till Marlbro's Marches did their Speed outdo,
And stopt their Progress, to sustain the Foe.
So when a Stag, the Glory of the Wood,
Of beauteous Limbs, and branching Antlers proud,
Hears the shrill Horn, and hallowing Huntsman's Cry,
Ring thro the Forest, and embroil the Skys,
He in experienc'd airy Feet secure,
Listens and mocks the Foe's collected Pow'r,
The Noise augments; then fleetier than the Wind
He flies, and leaves the clamorous Band behind :
Till spent, he stands at Bay, he turns his Face,
And to a Fight decrees to change the Chace;
Determin'd he expects th'invading War,
Reluctant stays, and combates from Despair.

O Belgian, work a Piece by this Cartone,
And be this Picture by thy Art outdone.
For confluent Nations spread a spacious Loom,
And give the mighty Host sufficient room;
Where more Brigades form each extended Wing,
Than Eastern Monarchs to the Combate bring :
Show the wide Van, th' unmeasurable Rear,
Immoderate Terror, and exuberant War.
Here let the Flow'r and Strength of Spain advance,
And there the Belgian Slaves that courted France.

Let the *Helvetian* Martial Youth compose
The threatening Front, fierce mercenary Foes
Who trade in Blood and Rapine; let the *Gaul*
Back to the Rear, a safer Station, fall.

Show how the Chief sprung ardent to the Fight,
In Arms refulgent, as Meridian Light;
And, if the Loom this Labour will allow,
The Hero in distinct Compartments show,
Supporting here his Friends, and breaking there the Foe.
Let him in every Place surprize the Sight,
As if dispers'd and multiply'd in Fight:
As if the Leader, watchful to protect
His Squadrons, did Ubiquity affect.
Here let him stand, intrepid and sedate,
Dispensing high Commands, the Messages of Fate:
There let his Arm his reeking Fauchion wield,
Triumph in Slaughter, and pollute the Field
With glorious Spoil, while like the fabled God
Of War, thro thick embattled Deaths he rode:
Let him the Vale with Rout and Ruin fill,
Like Torrents rushing from an *Alpine* Hill;
Or a high Wind, that o'er the Desert sweeps,
Lays wast the Woods, and rolls the Sand in Heaps:
Where his destructive Sword the Foe pursu'd,
Express the Lanes the glittering Feller hew'd
Wide, as the Openings in a wasted Wood.
Let Streams of Blood the Victor's Wrath attest,
A Purple Vintage from the Slain express.
Show Warriors quiv'ring in the Pangs of Death,
Rolling their Eyes, and gasping out their Breath:
While scatter'd Arms, and Horse and Horsemen slain,
An ignominious Medly spread the Plain.
Weave Desolation, let prodigious Wast,
And Tracks of Death mark where the Victor past,
As Conflagrations are by Ruins trac'd.

On a new Scene attentive Care bestow,
A Princely Youth in polish'd Armour show:
Let him advance, and as a Seraph bright,
Ravish at once, and terrify the Sight.
Place him conspicuous midst the hostile Troops,
Hanover's Pride, and *Albion's* distant Hopes:
Whose early Deeds and blossoming Renown,
To wondring *Europe* have the Hero shown;
With brave Impatience let him seek the Fight,
Eager of Fame, and trembling with Delight.
As when the Eaglet, whom the Parent tries,
Not us'd to soar, nor conscious of the Skys,
Against the brightest Radiance of the Sun
Mounts bold, and makes the genuine Offspring known:
So the young Hero's Eyes undazzled bear
The Beams of Glory, and the Blaze of War.

...of exploded Flame,
...bright Mark of Fame,
...his high Descent proclaim.
...he flew intrepid on the Foe,
Plung'd deep amidst the Files, and forc'd his Passage thro'.
How the great Youth with Veteran Captains vy'd,
What Trophys crown'd a Sword till then untry'd:
So a young Lion, of his matchless Pow'r
Yet ignorant, but grown for Fight mature,
If he by Chance a shaggy Bear descrys,
Determin'd to the Combate rapid flies;
Lashing his Sides he roars, and from afar,
Thro' echoing Hills, denounces dreadful War.
An easy Conquest crowns his first Campaign;
The Yellow Warrior, Master of the Plain,
Now in his vast discover'd Strength secure,
Wonders, and grieves he prov'd it not before.

Then let *Germania's* Angel, and his Own,
Each bearing high a Shield and Laurel Crown,
Fly watchful o'er his Head, with one to guard
His Life, with one his Valour to reward.

Artist record, how fair *Britannia's* Isle,
When first she heard the Youth's adventrous Foil,
Scarce pleas'd with Glory from too daring Fight,
Felt proffer'd Joy suspended by Affright:
While her tall Oaks shake on the Mountain's Brow,
And reflux Streams their Consternation show.

Work a new Piece, describe the *Gallic* Pow'rs
Quitting the Field to reach *Gandava's* Tow'rs;
Affright and Horror in their Looks express
Finish'd Confusion, and the last Distress:
Form pale Amazement's undissembled Air,
And the wild Features of extreme Despair:
Show how their Gen'als, to restore the Fight,
Confirm their Legions, and prevent their Flight,
Asham'd, enrag'd and griev'd, did these upbraid,
Encourage those, some threaten, some persuade.
But how their fruitless Accents beat the Air?
What Words can charm inexorable Fear?
Can Terror listen? Can Distraction hear?
Show how the *Gauls* disorder'd Cohorts fled,
Express their Anguish, and perplexing Dread;
While Horse and Foot strove each to have the Van,
And Chiefs, Companions of the private Man,
Promiscuous Shame, disregrimented ran.
So, when incumbent Tempests press the Deep,
And rouse the frighted Billows from their Sleep,
The liquid Legions crouding fly so fast,
And shove each other with such headlong haste,
That sometimes they are rid, and sometimes ride,
By turns exalt their Heads, by turns subside,
O'erwhelm each other, and distress the Tide.

The mighty General, whom the *Gauls* adore,
To *Belgia's* Plains call'd from *Aufonia's* Shore,
Gallia's declining Empire to restore,
To teach her Troops new Laurels to acquire,
And in their Breasts rekindle Martial Fire,
Reluctant fled, in adverse Fortune great,
Caught in the Eddy of his Monarch's Fate.
He blam'd the Stars, that on his Conduct frown'd,
And, *Marlbro*, thy Superior Genius own'd.
So a fierce Boar, on *Mauritania's* Plain,
The Lion's Fury does a while sustain,
Till torn and sunk with vast Expence of Blood,
He quits the Field, and seeks the sheltering Wood;
He grinds his Teeth, impatient of Defeat,
Indignant foams, fain would the War repeat,
Looks back and threatens in his sour Retreat.

Then show the Conqueror in another Scene,
Protecting with his Arms the brave *Eugene*;
While he the matchless Strength of *Lille* assail'd,
And o'er her haughty Towers with loud Applause prevail'd:
Witness ye six times twenty thousand *Gauls*,
Who when advanc'd near *Lilla's* lofty Walls
To face the Foe, were honour'd with the Sight
Of the brave Cohorts, which you felt in Fight:
Witness ye Generals, and ye Princes, proud
Of Veins distended with Imperial Blood,
For you Spectators of the Action stood.

Next let the Chief advance to *Scalda's* Banks,
To drive th' unactive *Gaul*, whose warlike Ranks
Spread thick, as Locusts, on the adverse Side,
Did in their Guardian Flood, and high-raisd Works confide:
'Tis done; for when their Outguards saw from far
The *Briton's* Arms, and cry'd, for Fight prepare;
The boastful Warriors Hearts inglorious melt,
And struck with his Approach, their well-known Passion felt.
Assur'd no more, while *Marlbro's* Sword invades,
By Rivers, Lines, and numberless Brigades;
As Terror dictates, they direct their Flight,
Spread all the Plain with Marks of wild Affright,
And ignominious Rout, but none of Fight.

Let *Churchill* next his conquering Cohorts lead,
To save *Brussella*, fair *Brabantia's* Head:
To break th' united Arms of *France* and *Spain*,
And make the Threats of proud *Bavaria* vain.
Show how the Foe the *Scheld's* Contagion caught,
Gave cheap Renown, and left the Field unfought:
And how the *Boian* Prince, enrag'd to find
The Laurels blasted for his Brow design'd,
With troubled Pride, and Anguish in his Eyes,
Chac'd a third time before the *Briton* flies:
He curs'd the Victor who his Arms repel'd,
And cruel Fate, that still Success withheld,
But more the Coward Guardians of the *Scheld*.

his long patrol'd,
Place to heap the Fold,
his Prey possess,
prohibding to the Feast:
the Master Shepherd with his Band
Arrives, their brandish'd Weapons in their Hand,
The prowling Robber shuns unequal Fight,
And grins, and growls, and rages in his Flight.

While Gallia's canton'd Troops inglorious rest,
With constant Flights, and long unactive Toil oppress,
O Britain! thy Great Chief his Ease denys,
Patient of Labour and inclement Skys,
Still with new Ardour, to new Conquest flies.
Here fresh Materials for the Loom prepare,
And weave a cold white Winter-Piece of War.
Ev'n then a Bloom of spreading Glory show,
And verdant Laurels forc'd from Beds of Snow.

Confed'rate Pow'rs of Flandria, Gallia, Spain,
A numerous Army destin'd to sustain
Th' Invading Foe, did Ganda's Walls maintain.
Much in their Lines, and in the River's Tide,
Much in their Chiefs and Numbers they confide;
But more they trusted to th' intemperate Air,
And growing Rigour of th' expiring Year:
They hop'd that Tempests, arm'd with Snow and Sleet,
Winds, that from Hyperborean Mountains beat
With furious Wings the bleak untrodden Plain,
And Chrystal Desarts of the frozen Main,
That all the embattled Meteors wou'd conspire
To charge and force the Briton to retire.
In vain——ev'n then the Hero undismay'd,
Advanc'd his Ensigns, and his Wrath display'd:
Against perfidious Ghent his Batt'ry rear'd,
And Winter-Thunder for her Walls prepar'd,
The Gallic Generals saw, and Marlbro's Arms rever'd.
To pay due Honour to their Royal Head
Burgundia's Lord, they in his Footsteps tread,
Of Gallic Blood Effusion to decline,
Yield without Combate, and the Town resign.

How Marlbro's Deeds ring thro the Belgian Skys!
How swift their Terror propagated flies!
How soon it reach'd the listning Towns around!
How Bruges Turrets trembled at the Sound!
How frighted, how amaz'd her Warriors stood,
Their Sinews slacken'd, and congeal'd their Blood!
Show, Artist, how their Cohorts, wing'd with Fear,
Fled from the Foe, e'er yet he did appear.
Thus Churchill sends abroad a conquering Name,
And wounds at distance by his missive Fame.
So oft when Storms from Barbary's Sun-burnt Soil,
Advance impetuous, and the Deep embroil,
The flying Waves th' Infection swift convey,
And with their pannic Dread distract Hesperia's Sea,

Which

(9)
Which rolls and works beneath a Sky serene,
Disturb'd by Winds unheard, and wrathful Clouds unseen:

Then show how *Bruga's* Counsellors of State,
And Lords deputed, on the *Briton* wait,
To make their low Submission, and implore
His Mercy to protect them from his Pow'r.

The Hero's Triumphs equal thus appear,
Crowning alike each Season of the Year;
Ev'n Winter's self, whose frozen hoary Head
Was ne'er before with Martial Honours spread,
For want of Deeds Illustrious can't complain,
Sharing the Glory of this Great Campaign.

An Arch of Triumph in another Piece,
Artist, contrive, like those of *Rome* or *Greece*.
What Master-Sculptors form in Basse Relieve,
Do thou in bold expressive Figures weave.

Let Horsemen first in long Procession bear
Unnumber'd Ensigns, high display'd in Air;
The Glorious Trophys of successful War:

Bavaria's Standards, Emblems of the Fall
Of Neighbour Pow'rs that aid the faithless *Gaul*;
False *Flandria's* Colours and *Castilia's* Pride,
And with thy Warriors Blood, vain King, thy Lillys dy'd.

Next let the Train that bear the Spoils of *France*,
Augment the Triumph, and in Turn advance;
Describe them lab'ring with th' unweildy Prize,
Their tortur'd Sinews, and their starting Eyes:
Let them beneath their rich Oppression bow,
And seem to groan and stagger as they go.
Shew how the Throng with Hands upheld adore
Justice Divine, that has, by *ANNA's* Pow'r,
Compel'd the *Gaul* his Rapine to restore:
That has aveng'd the injur'd Realms around,
Restrain'd licentious Might, and proud Ambition bound.

In a high Car the laurel'd Victor place,
Drawn by the noblest Steeds of *Belgick* Race:
Thro deep applauding Crouds on either side
Sublime, yet unelated, let him ride.
The Seraph Chiefs such Moderation shew'd,
When to the Gates of Hell their Host pursu'd
The Rebel Powers, and thro th' unlightfom way
Return'd in Triumph to the Coasts of Day.
Of various Nations let a confluent Throng
Hang on his Wheels, as slow they roll along:
Let them, like crouding Waves, each other press,
And strain their eager Eyes to see and bless.
Add to the Martial Pomp an endless Train
Of Warrior Slaves that drag the Conqueror's Chain.
Let Lords and Chiefs, impatient of Disgrace,
With haughty Grief and melancholy Pace,
With scornful, sullen Shame their Fetters wear,
And pant amidst the Croud behind the Hero's Car.

Let high *Augusta's* Sons transported meet,
And with loud Joy th' advancing Victor greet;
And let her Speaker, for superiour Sense,
Renown'd, as well as charming Eloquence,
A while the Progress of the Triumph stay,
While he *Augusta's* Thanks does to the Conqueror pay.

Then let the Bards in humble manner stand,
With Distichs, Sonnets, Prologues in their Hand,
In *Marlbro's* Praise: 'Tis all, alas! we know
That from their dry exhausted Springs can flow.

Let all the Pomp of Decoration grace
The high Pillasters, and the Structure's Face;
Let curious Motto's, Hieroglyphic Art,
And mystic Emblems shine on every Part.

Here Liberty in all her Heavenly Charms,
With her gay Offspring Plenty in her Arms,
With humble Gesture, and a chearful Grace,
May Homage pay, and *Marlbro's* Feet embrace;
Who broke her Chains, restor'd her Rights Divine,
And in her native Beautys bid her shine.

There, to extend the Briton's just Renown,
Show Dungeons open'd, Prisons broken down,
Fetters and Chains in Heaps neglected thrown:
Which late tormented Slaves and Captives wore,
But, O auspicious Day! shall wear no more;
Let shouting Throngs of these late rescu'd Slaves,
Frequent as sailing Clouds, or rolling Waves,
With Flow'rs and verdant Branches spread his Road,
And prostrate kiss the Ground their brave Deliver trod.

Then raise in Piles the Gibbet, Rack and Wheel,
And all the Tortures wrought of Cord or Steel;
Plenty of Death, and Luxury of Pain,
Which Master Tyrants from their fertile Brain,
And curst Projectors of Destruction find,
Curious in Torment to afflict Mankind.
Let these congested Engines, set on fire
By *Marlbro's* generous Hand, in Flames aspire;
Let them as Fires of publick Joy arise,
With their applauded Ruin fill the Skys,
To Heav'n and Liberty a grateful Sacrifice.

Attempt another noble Work, and raise
A lofty Column to the Hero's Praise:
What tho *Augusta's* Sons, who still reveal
In Liberty's Defence an ardent Zeal,
Studious of Truth and Justice, ne'er adore
Thy Altars, *Rome*, nor, *Gaul*, thy lawless Pow'r,
Shou'd, as they ought, a stately Pillar rear,
That may the Victor's Weight of Glory bear;
Be this allow'd, do thou thy Task pursue:
For shou'd not all the Arts conspire to shew
To the great Briton's Deeds the Honours due?
Then with the Sculptor and the Architect,
Artist, contend, and the proud Pile erect.

With

With *Marlbro's* wondrous Story fill the Space
Between the Spires, which the high Column grace,
Ascending to the Summit from the Base.

Be first his swift and glorious Course exprest,
When he from *Belgia's* Regions to the *East*
Transfer'd the hardy War, did bold advance
To whelm the *Danube* o'er the Pride of *France* !
Thro distant Empires to extend the Fame
Of *Albion's* Arms, and *ANNA's* awful Name.
Immortal Deeds at *Schelenberg* display ;
The Miracles of *Blenheim's* Glorious Day,
Down all the Ebb of Time to Men unborn convey.
Next shew the Hero on *Ramillia's* Plain,
His deathless Laurels, and th' Illustrious Train
Of fam'd Events, which crown'd that Great Campaign.
The Wonders done at *Oudenard* repeat,
The *Briton's* Triumphs, and the *Gaul's* Defeat ;
The matchless Conduct and the hardy Toil,
That wrested from the Foe his Darling *Lisle* ;
The Honour won in passing *Scalda's* Flood,
Brussella sav'd, and *Ganda's* Tow'rs subdu'd.

The Angles of the Pedestal you'll grace
With Figures proper to adorn each Place ;
Chuse of the following which shall please you best,
If by the Loom all cannot be exprest.

Chain'd Tyranny expose, delineate well
The odious Features of this Fiend of Hell.
To form a Figure, horrible to Sight,
All *Scythia's* Terrors, *Lybia's* Plagues unite,
A dreadful Combination of Affright.
Give to her Eyes a red malignant Glare,
And let the Monster's threefold Head for Hair,
The Ornament of Fiends, long curling Vipers, wear.
Let them enrag'd their crested Necks erect,
And forked Deaths with cloven Tongues eject.
The Poets, who in Arms their *Pallas* drest,
Had in their Fiction greater Art exprest ;
If in her fatal Shield they had display'd
Fierce Tyranny's, and not the *Gorgon's* Head.
Give her the surest Weapons to destroy,
Which salvage Beasts, and rav'ning Birds imploy :
The Dragon's Teeth, the Alligator's Jaws,
The Eagle's Pounces, and the Lion's Paws ;
Distend her hideous Belly with a Load
Of Limbs devour'd, and Seas of guiltless Blood.

On the next Corner, with ingenious Pains,
Show vanquish'd Envy bound with brazen Chains ;
Let her lean Face infernal Features wear,
A spleenful Aspect, and a scornful Air :
With its last Dregs let a black Jaundice taint
Her hateful Skin, and loathsome Visage paint.

Make her fierce Eyes, like livid Flames of Hell,
 Burn bloodshot in their Urns, and backward dwell;
 Deep in their Caves, like Furys in their Cell.
 Let her, with endless self-tormenting Care,
 Gnaw her own Heart, and her own Bowels tear:
 Show how her Jaws her meagre Limbs devour,
 Green Floods of Hemlock, Gall and Wormwood pour
 Down her wide Throat, to poison every Vein,
 Inflamm her Bosom, and distract her Brain.
 Show with what Rage the Captive Fury views
 The spreading Laurels on the Victor's Brows,
 While she, as pale and hideous as Despair,
 Gnashes her Teeth, and grasps her snaky Hair.

Next on the Base, Dissimulation bind,
 A mild and courteous, but an odious Fiend;
 Who labours most to win us to believe
 Her Vows unfeign'd, when most she wou'd deceive.
 Give her a plain and unaffected Air,
 Well imitated Truth, and Eyes sincere,
 And dropping here and there a faithless Tear.
 Express her artful Smiles, that hide the Art,
 A friendly Manner that ensnares the Heart.
 In her Right Hand a Monarch's Scepter place,
 And her long Robe of State with Lillys grace;
 Torn Treatys interweave, and solemn Leagues
 Broke, or eluded by refin'd Intrigues:
 She mocks the Faith that once did Princes bind,
 As the base Vertue of a Vulgar Mind:
 Masks with her sacred Vows deliberate Fraud,
 And to attest her Guilt dares invoke her God.

Express Ambition next in Fetters bound,
 Sunk from her tow'ring Height, and grov'ling on the Ground.
 Let thwarted Pride sit sullen on her Brow,
 And Indignation in her Eyeballs glow.
 Let anxious Looks her inward Care attest,
 And prove that deep Designs are lab'ring in her Breast;
 That warring Passions strive within for vent,
 Cruel Revenge, and haughty Discontent:
 Passions, that still the Fury wakeful keep,
 As turbulent as Winds, and restless as the Deep.
 In some fit Place let pleas'd Spectators see
 The Marks of blasted Pomp, and ruin'd Dignity:
 Rich Purple Robes polluted, broken Crowns,
 Fragments of Scepters, and subverted Thrones;
 Sad Wrecks of Pow'r, which on th' Aspiring wait
 In troubled Empires, and in Storms of State.
 Her adverse Fate reluctant let her bear,
 Her Fetters spurn, her Limbs in Anguish tear:
 Shew how she raves to find her Pomp depress'd,
 Her Foes exalted, and her Friends distress'd;
 That she compel'd must Spoils immense restore,
 Acquir'd by Fraud, or grasp'd by greedy Power;
 Contract her Frontier, and her Slaves release,
 And beg the Conqueror to prescribe a Peace.